

## **The Harvest Quinn Band "Sleep Sound, Cleveland"**

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When this tired town settled down to sleep  
And the grinning clock could no longer herd the  
ambitious sheep  
I sat sifting through sands of silent stare, though you  
said I mustn't pace  
Found comfort in those kind shadows, just a silhouette  
without a face

When the curious light comes crawling through half  
drawn blinds  
Realize I've been lying wide awake just about half  
the time  
So I beg the jealous day, forget me for a while  
Tracing myself in other people's lives  
Playing promises with piper's pride  
I can pull myself together tomorrow the boys cried

And I took you aside  
Gave you this advice  
You can all sleep sound in Cleveland  
Tonight

Could you ever forgive these fragile footsteps  
And the helpless patterns they create?  
Lord, I'm a slave to the serpent's satin tongue  
You can open my eyes but I can't be saved

From the fire that brings the fevered hush  
Plant our voices deep inside of me  
What do we reap but a few sorrowed lines?  
There is no season for a pauper's deceit  
So I won't reach out my hands

I beg the jealous day, forget me for a while  
Tracing myself in other people's lives  
Playing promises with piper's pride  
I can pull myself together tomorrow the boys cried

And I took you aside  
Gave you this advice  
You can all sleep sound in Cleveland  
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You can all sleep sound tonight

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